

# The Beggars Chorus,

In the *foveal* CREW.

To a pleasant new Tune?



**T**here was a jovial Begger,  
 he had a Wooden Leg  
 Lame from his Cradle,  
 and forced for to beg :  
 And a begging we will go,  
 well go, we'l go,  
 And abegging we will go.

A Bag for my Dat-meal,  
 another for my Rye ;  
 A little Bottle by my side,  
 to drink when I'm a dy,  
 And a begging we will go,  
 we'l go, we'l go,  
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A bag for my wheat,  
and another for my Salt,  
A little pair of Crotchets,  
to see how I can halt,  
And a begging, &c.

A bag for my Bread,  
another for my Cheese,  
A little Dog to follow me,  
to gather what I leese,  
And a begging, &c.

To Pimblie we'll go,  
where we shall merry be;  
With every man a Can in's hand  
and a Clench upon his knee;  
And a begging, &c.

And when that we're disposed,  
we tumble on the Grass,  
With long patch'd Coats,  
for to hide a pretty lass,  
And a begging, &c.

Seven Years I served  
my old Master Wild,  
Seven years I begged  
whilst I was but a Child,  
And a begging, &c.

I had the pretty knack,  
to wheedle and to cry,  
By young and by old,  
Such pittyp'd e're was I,  
And a, &c.

Fatherless and Motherless,  
Still was my Complaint,  
And none that ever saw me,  
but took me for a Saint,  
And a, &c.

I beg'd for my Master,  
and got him store of pelf,  
But love now be praised,  
I now beg for my self,  
And a begging, &c.

Within a hollow Tree  
I live, and pay no rent,  
Providence provides for me,  
and I am well content.  
And a begging, &c.

I fear no Plots against me,  
but live in open Cell,  
Why who wou'd be a King  
when a beggar lives so well.  
And a begging we will go.

Printed for P. Brooksby, at the Golden-ball in Pye-Corner.